THE Unfortunate SON;

OR

A Kind Wife is worth Gold.

BEING

Full of Mirth and Paſtime.

Good Reader, let thy Patience brook
But to read over this ſmall Book;
Which will thee ſatisfy awhile,
And ſurely force from thee a Smile;
A Story of ſuch Fortune bad,
Had never ſure poor harmleſs Lad.

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London.

The History of the

Unfortunate SON.

THERE was a man but one Son had,
And he was all his Joy;
Yet still his fortune was but bad,
Tho' he was a pretty Boy.
His Father sent him forth one day,
To feed a Flock of Sheep,
And half of them were stole away,
While he lay down to sleep.
Next day he went with one Tom Goff,
To reap, as he was seen;
Where he did cut his Finger off,
The sickle was so keen.
Jack climb'd up with nimble legs,
To the hen-roost so high,
But he fell down and broke his eggs,
And hurt him piteously.
Jack then went to thatch the stable,
But there came such a blast,
To sit up he was not able,
But down he came at last.

Poor

Poor Jack a cleaving wood had been,
His father held the Quarter,
He cut his Father o'er his shin,
Not much below his Garter.
To seek his fortune Jack would go,
To range the World around,
His Father willing was thereto,
And gave him twenty pounds,
But Jack no sooner then was gone
Out of his father's doors,
But he was straitway knocked down,
And robb'd by thieves and whores.
Jack went into a farmer's yard,
Desiring there to dwell,
The farmer entert in him strait,
And lik'd him wond'rous well.
Himself so brave he did behave,
That the Farmer and he agreed
That he his daughter then should have,
Which made him glad indeed.
Jack then took up his bag-Pipes,
Which there did by him lie
And he began to pipe and sing,
When he had cause to cry;
For tho' the Farmer's daughter
Did love him wond'rous well,
Yet I will shew hereafter
What unto him befel.
No sooner was he married
But his Wages they were rais'd,

And

And tho' he oft miscarry'd,
Yet he was never prais'd.
Jack then was sent unto the wood,
On purpose to fell oaks.
He shewed his endeavour good,
And laid on lusty strokes:
He cut a mighty oak in two,
His cart and team stood by,
The tree fell down and thus it slew
His horses presently.
What course to take he did not know,
His horses being slain,
Unto his Father-in-law to go,
He thought it was in vain.
Jack went o'er bogs and sandy shelves,
At last he spy'd a pool,
Where flocks of wild-geese shew'd themselves
Too wise for this sad fool.
Quoth he, sure I can kill with ease,
One of these Fowls to sell,
My father-in-law then I shall please,
And all things must go well.
His hatchet he did at them fling,
Hoping to strike one dead;
But they were all to light of Wing,
And from him strait they fled,
His hatchet sunk immediately,
It would not swim to shore,
Alas! said he, where am I now?
In worse case than before.

I will

I will not loſe my hatchet ſo,
Altho' my luck be ill:
But I will have it e'er I go,
Or I will make my will.
He then ſtript off his cloaths, ſome ſay,
And ſo to diving went;
A rogue came by and took away
His cloaths incontinent.
Why, now, ſaid he, I am undone,
Alas! who can aſſure me?
My dad won't own me for his Son,
Nor eke my wife endure me:
For I have ſlain my horſes brave,
And loſt my hatchet too,
My cloaths are taken by a knave,
Alas! what muſt I do?
Stark naked am I, and forlorn,
In ſome cloſe place I'll hide me;
Woe to the time when I was born,
Alas! what can betide me?
Into a hollow tree he creeps,
And quaking there he ſtands;
He ſighs and mournfully he weeps
And often wrings his hands;
But cold and hunger brought him forth,
He wiſh'd at home he were;
Thoſe wiſhes were of little worth,
Since he durſt not come there.
But night at length came on apace,
Thus he reſolv'd to do;

Altho' he durſt not ſhow his face,
Yet homeward he would go.
When he came home the doors faſt be,
Yet there he make a ſtay,
And at the window liſtens he,
To hear what they did ſay.
There did he hear his wife lament,
His father-in-Law complain,
And all the houſe in diſcontent,
Concluding he was ſlain.
Jack naked was, the wind blew cold,
He could no longer ſtay;
But in the hog-ſtye he made bold,
And there full cloſe he lay;
The churliſh hogs, ſo hoggiſh were
To this their maſter's ſon,
Small Manners in them did appear,
For him they over-run:
And ſome upon his feet did tread,
And ſome full ſore did bite him,
And they with him ſo quarrelled,
He fear'd they would indite him.
And ſuch a fearful noiſe they made,
For they did ſore diſmay him,
He with their noiſe was terrified,
That they would betray him.
Poor Jack he did ſpeak them fairly,
As being an intruder;
He ſcratch'd their po'es, but ne'er the near,
For they were but the ruder.

Until

Until at laſt his wife did hear
The cry of this rude cattle,
And out of doors ſhe came with fear,
To end this ſudden battle.
Jack heard her coming and began
With ſpeed to ſtand upright,
She ſeeing there a naked man,
Was in a grievious fright:
She gave a ſhriek, and leap'd in the dirt,
So greatly ſhe was mov'd;
But ſhe was more afraid than hurt,
For it was her beſt belov'd.
Sweetheart ſaid he, be not afraid,
I am thy huſband dear.
Alas! poor creature, then ſhe ſaid,
Why ſtand you naked here?
Alas! quoth he, I am undone,
My team of horſes ſlain,
My hatchet loſt, my hoſe and ſhoon,
And my apparel plain:
Poor man, ſaid ſhe, what will you do?
My heart for you does ake;
Yet tho' my father envies you,
I will not you forſake.
Thanks my kind wife, then ſaid he,
Your love to me is great;
And as my love is ſo to thee,
Give me ſomething to eat;
For I am both hungry and cold,
Then fetch me ſomething ſtrait.

Once

Once in this houſe I have been great,
But now am forc'd to wait;
Alas! my father's up, ſhe ſaid,
And little can I get,
But ſomething I will get for thee,
And thus I'll uſe my wit.
Into the buttery I will go,
And there I will be ſure,
A pot of butter-milk for you
I know I can procure.
And cauſe it is a darkſome night,
That you might not forget,
I'll cover it with a white cloth,
And on the dunghill ſet it.
While ſhe went into the buttery,
A great white dog came out,
And on the dunghill down did lie,
To bring the Jeſt about.
Poor Jack out of the hog-ſtie peeps,
The great white dog eſpies;
With joy and gladneſs out he creeps,
His hunger to ſuffice.
The dog he took to be the clout
Which the butter-milk did cover,
But he did find it was a flout
Before that he gave over.
The dog was white as he might ſee,
The night was dark and black,
Then ſure a wiſer man than he
Might eaſily miſtake.

Faſt

Faſt by the back he took the dog,
Inſtead of the butter-milk pot,
And being naked as a frog,
Now judge but what he got.
The dog takes Jack faſt by the toe,
And Jack with him did ſtrive:
Quoth he, I ne'er before did know
That butter-milk was alive.
The churliſh dog would not give o'er,
'Till he had rent him ſo,
That he his fleſh ſo much had tore,
That he could hardly go:
Both ſhoulders, arms and head,
He bit in ſuch a ſort,
That he could hardly ſtand or go,
He did not like the ſport.
At laſt the dog did come to know
It was his maſter's ſon,
And was content to let him go,
So thus the war was done.
Into the hog-ſtie then he creeps,
And curſed ill-bred dogs,
And there he ſits him down to weep,
Amongſt the churliſh hogs.
His wife came then down in haſte,
And down the butter-milk lays;
But little did ſhe know what paſt,
Unſeen ſhe goes her ways.
It was cover'd with a clean white cloth,
Upon the dunghill then.

And tho' it was but cold broth,
'T would ſerve an hungry man.
Jack wonder'd that ſhe ſtaid ſo long,
Being vex'd with cold and pain,
Din think that he had double wrong,
And ſorely did complain:
Alas! ſaid Jack, now muſt I die
With hunger ſore amain,
For why? he knew not certainly
That ſhe was come and gone.
Jack look'd out at laſt in fear,
And there perceive he might,
The butter-milk on dunghill there,
Cover'd o'er with white.
Jack thought the white dog it had been,
That did bite him before,
To ſtudy now he did begin,
To be reveng'd therefore.
Jack he a cudgel then had got,
A weapon Stout and ſtrong,
And went towards the butter-milk pot,
All to revenge his wrong,
Said he, You cur, you now ſhall know,
I'll be reveng'd on you:
With that he gave pot a blow,
Which made him after rue.
The pot in pieces broke apace,
Jack knew not what to think,
Forwhy? the milk flew in his face,
And made him backward's ſhrink.

The

The cracking of the pot, he thought
Was the dogs bones; and judg'd
The milk which in his face was wrought,
To be the maſtiff's blood.
You ill-bred cur, now know, ſaid he,
What 'twas to wrong a man;
I think I am reveng'd on you
As much as e'en I can.
Let other curs a warning take,
How they abuſe their friends;
For much of thee I ſtill did make,
And had but ill amends.
His anger 'swag'd, which ſtore did burn,
Glad of their victory,
And let the butter-milk ſo churn'd
Upon the dunghill lie.
Not knowing otherwiſe than he
Had kill'd the dog outright.
Thus many men miſtaken be,
Comparing white to white.
But at the laſt the woman came,
And to her huſband went
Then like a kind and loving wife,
She old him her intent.
She ſaid, Good huſband, do come in,
My father is in bed:
Alas! ſaid he, ill luck hath been,
And I am almoſt dead;
The white dog on the dunghill lay,
And I miſtook the mark,

I took him for a pot of whey,
As well I might i'th' dark,
He fastened on me in such a sort,
That sore he hath me bit;
Poor man, said she, I am sorry for't,
But let me tell you yet,
A pot of butter-milk I sat
Upon the dunghill there,
And 'cause you should not it forget,
I spread a cloath most fair.
Alas! said he, I saw it not,
Sure good luck I have none;
Unless it were the butter-milk pot,
That I so beat upon.
With that they went unto the place,
Where they the truth so found;
For he beheld with great disgrace
The butter-milk on the ground.
Now fie upon ill-luck, said he,
My best days now are spent,
But since it will no better be,
We must be both content.
His wife then took him by the hand,
And led him without sorrow,
Yet little did he understand,
What happen'd on the morrow.
Jack sat him down just by the fire,
His frozen bones to warm,
And pull'd his stool nigher and nigher,
Not thinking any harm.

But

But he ſo near the fire came,
And creeped down ſo low,
That he did fall into the flame,
And knew not what to do.
But he got up again with ſpeed,
And he was burnt full ſore,
It was for want of taking heed
That he fell down before.
To make a poſſet then his wife
Did uſe her utmoſt ſkill;
But he was weary of his life,
Since he was very ill.
No ſooner was the poſſet made,
But the old man knocks in haſte;
Alas! ſaid ſhe, we are betray'd,
My father knocks full faſt.
And I do fear that he'll come down,
And find the poſſet here.
Said Jack, he is not ſuch a clown,
That we ſhould ſo much fear,
But to prevent the worſt, ſaid ſhe,
I'll hide it now away;
I would not have the old one ſee,
Leſt that we have a fray.
Old age is crabbed that we ſee,
And by experience find,
And to prevent the following woe.
Theſe things we well muſt mind.
Into the privy-houſe ſhe goes,
And ſets it on the ſtool,

Her husband little did suppose,
That it was there, poor fool;
No sooner he came out again,
But with redoubled force,
The old man kicks with might and main,
And begins to swear and curse.
Up stairs she run with haste and speed,
When fearing to be sent,
In the mean time he having need,
Unto the privy went.
Now Jack's unto the privy's come,
He look'd as he could tos it;
And very fairly set his bum
In the middle of the posset.
So scalded he was ne'er in his life,
Which made him skip and trip,
And he had railed on his wife,
But that he bit his lip.
He blamed her because she had
Not told him of the same:
The scalding almost made him mad,
'Twas long e'er he was tame.
But down at last his wife did come,
With her he made a stir;
He tells her of his scalded bum,
And says 'twas along with her.
She prays him to be content,
And moam'd him like a baby,
And she gave this poor Jack-a-lent
As dainty words as may be.

She fetch'd him meat, drink, and nuts,
And more than he requir'd;
And when that he had fill'd his guts,
To sleep she him desir'd.
Upon his bed fresh Sheets she laid,
With blankets fine and trim,
And beg'd him not to be dismay'd,
For she would lie with him.
And Jack he would not idle be,
While she his bed did make,
For he the warming-pan did see,
Then down the same did take:
Jack's father, this said honest man,
Some gun-powder had got,
He put it in the warming-pan,
Thinking no harm God-wot.
Into the pan he ne'er did look,
It was his desire;
But manfully the tongs he took,
And quickly it gave fire.
But he not being us'd to shoot,
Did frighten all the town;
Nor could he fairly stand unto 't,
For why it beat him down.
His beard was burnt unto the stumps,
The chimney did so flame,
That the wells, springs, and pumps,
Could hardly quench the same.
The townsmen up in arms did rise,
And much amazed were:

As he was staring with his eyes,
Being almoft dead with fear.
The powder flew about the houfe,
Might move fome one to laughter;
For there was neither rat nor mouſe,
For ſeven long winters after.
The old man all this time did ſleep,
Since none did him moleſt:
Poor Jack alone did only weep,
The reſt went to their reſt:
But Jack concluſions ſtill would try
With this ſame warming-pan,
So took it up, and earneſtly
The ſecond part began.
Jack put ſome fire again into it
As being very bold;
Perhaps it was to try his wit,
For he could not be cold.
And up into the bed did creep,
And bids his wife ſtand by.
But being overcome with ſleep
Let the warming-pan lie
Between the ſheets, as ſome ſay,
It burnt them piteouſly,
While the woman was away,
It happened ſo unlucky:
And had ſhe not ſoon come again,
Much more hurt had been done.
For why the ſluggiſh ſleepy ſwain
Knew not it was begun.

Said

Said she, now I have cause to mourn,
At your unhappy life;
For why the sheets you do burn,
O peace, said he, good wife,
For I will go to-bed with speed,
For fear more hurt I do.
Aye, said his wife, so you had need,
These things I fear you'll rue.
With this he rose and rubb'd his eyes,
And fetch'd a yawn or two,
And so down on the bed he lies,
As sluggards us'd to do.
His wife she went to-bed with speed,
The old man he lay by;
What happen'd after you shall hear,
In the twinkling of an eye.
His wife did put the candle out,
Poor woman she forget
To bring up what (without doubt)
Is call'd a chamber-pot.
To make water, Jack had a lift,
But he was loth to rise;
And if he did the bed bepiss,
He thought it had likewise.
At last he rose and search'd about,
But all in vain, God wot;
In every place he made a rout,
But could not find the pot,
Under his father's bed he creeps,
Hoping to find one there;

The good old man now ſoundly ſleeps
And nothing he doth hear.
Two bird-lime pots there were ſet,
Which the old man had in ſtore;
And ſo poor Jack was round beſet
With troubles evermore.
Jack thruſts his hands with might and main,
Into the bird-lime pans;
He could not get them out again,
But there he grumbling ſtands.
Round about the room he walks
With the lime-pots on his hands,
Then often to himſelf he talks,
Curſing of bird-lime pans.
He ſtamps, ſtares, fumes and frets,
And ſhakes his hand in vain,
And like a man beſide his wits,
To his wife he does complain.
While ſhe the jeſt did come to know,
She could not chuſe but ſmile,
Tho' he was round beſet with woe,
And ſorrow all the while.
Said ſhe, ſtrike both your hands againſt
Some poſt here in the room,
And break the lime-pots if you can,
That you to-bed may come.
The old man wore a white cap,
His head hung o'er the bed,
With the pots he gave him ſuch a rap,
As almoſt ſtruck him dead.

He gueſt his head had been a poſt,
The old man loud did cry;
Jack naked ran away in haſte,
Intending for to fly.
Quoth Jack, and if my father die:
His head being ſorely bang'd,
If I be taken ſurely I,
Shall without doubt be hang'd.
I'll ſaddle me a horſe moſt brave.
And then away I'll ride.
So by this means my life I'll ſave,
For here I'll not abide.
But he miſtook the ſtable,
And went into the cow-houſe;
To ſtand I am not able,
For laughing at the gooſe.
In he comes and up he ſtrides
Upon a mighty Bull.
And fiercely up and down he rides
Upon the horned Mule.
The great white maſtiff ſeeing this,
Did ope his mouth now wider,
And ſeldom it was the dog did miſs
The fierce bull or his rider.
Sometimes he did upon Jack light,
Sometimes upon his nag.
And he ſo ſtoutly with them fights,
They had ſmall cauſe to brag.
He rent the bull in ſuch a ſort,
That he was now ſtark mad:

The bull had cauſe to blame Jack for't,
That vile unhappy lad,
The weary dog did leave them then,
When he was tir'd out.
Then crept again into his den,
The bull ſtill runs about.
At laſt a countryman came by,
With his ſtaff on his neck,
And very unadviſedly
Did give the bull a check.
He thought the bull the devil had been,
Or he upon his back;
He rail'd at them and would not leave,
Till he had knock'd down Jack.
The headſtrong bull he did eſpy
The country fellow there,
And at him run moſt furiouſly,
Without all dread or fear.
The countryman did think to take
A blow right at his head,
He miſt the bull and hit poor Jack,
And ſtruck him almoſt dead.
Away then went this country clown,
And the world with laughter fill'd,
For he reported in the town
He had the devil kill'd.
But Jack recovered at the laſt,
As one who had been dead,
And ſaddled a horſe in haſte,
And then away he fled.

The

The townſmen up in arms he meets,
Who waited on him then;
With all the alleys, lanes and ſtreets,
Beſet with armed men.
Jack ſat naked upon the horſe,
And thought no harm at all;
Misfortunes ſtill was worſe and worſe,
His comforts were but ſmall,
The man that knock'd him down before
From off the mad bull's back,
Seeing him come, ſteps out of doors,
And fiercely knock'd down Jack.
About him people flock'd apace,
To ſee his nakedneſs;
Then looking ſtedfaſt in his face,
They knew him who he was.
They pity'd him and aſk'd him how
He came in that diſtreſs;
That brought him into trouble now,
That I ſhall here expreſs.
Many a blind excuſe he made,
As good as he could frame,
But nevertheleſs poor Jack they ſtay'd
Until his father came.
Forth hue and cry ſend with ſpeed,
To ſeek him every where;
At laſt they found him out indeed,
But almoſt dead with fear.
The old man with great fury comes,
Jack's wife came crying after,

And

And Jack ſtood biting of his thumbs,
Which mov'd the town to laughter.
Faſt by the throat he took poor Jack,
Quoth he have I found thee?
Now villain, thou ſhalt go to wreck,
For it was thee didſt wound me,
My team of horſes thou haſt ſlain,
And loſt my hatchet too,
My cloaths alſo from thee were ta'en,
Theſe things will make thee rue.
Before the Judges they did hale
This moſt unfortunate lad,

And there againſt him they did rail,
As if they had been mad.
His indictment was made with ſpeed,
In haſte as is ſuppos'd,
And this indictment you may read,
If you are ſo diſpos'd.

His

His INDICTMENT.

IMPRIMIS.

FOR killing his father's horſe.

Item, For loſing a hatchet.

Item for loſing his cloaths, which were borrowed.

Item, for diſturbing his father's hogs.

Item for laying hands upon his father's white dog.

Item, for breaking to pieces the great butter milk pot.

Item, for ſpoiling the poſſet.

Item, For firing the chimney.

Item, For burning his Father's ſheets.

Item, For piſſing his Bed.

Item. For uomercifully breaking his old father's head.

Item, For frightening a poor ſimple country Fellow

Item, For riding away with his father's horſe.

Of all which he was found GUILTY.

Jack

Jack did confeſs the things aright,
They could not be deny'd:
But he deſired that he might
By his own wife be try'd.
If want of wit or too much fear,
Did then ſpeechleſs make him:
It is not known, nor need we care,
But as he is ſo take him.
His wife excus'd the matter; ſo
She freed him, as 'tis told.
This having penn'd,—you here may ſee
"A loving Wife's worth Gold."

FINIS.